DC
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JUNE 96
BATMAN
BLACK
and
WHITE
J'MLEE
WILLIAMS

DANG
ALFRED M.D.

BATMAN BLACK and WHITE

For Neal Pozner-

Who knew not everything was black and white

Cover by Jim Lee and Scott Williams

Inside front cover by Michael Allred

Perpetual Mourning

Written and illustrated by Ted McKeever
Lettered by John Workman

Two of a Kind

Written and illustrated by Bruce Timm
Lettered by Todd Klein

The Hunt

Written and illustrated by Joe Kubert

Petty Crimes

Written and illustrated by Howard Chaykin
Lettered by Ken Bruzenak

The Devil's Trumpet

Written by Archie Goodwin
Illustrated by Jose Munoz
Lettered by Phil Felix

Inside back cover by Morbius

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BATMAN BLACK AND WHITE | June 1996. Published by DC Comics.

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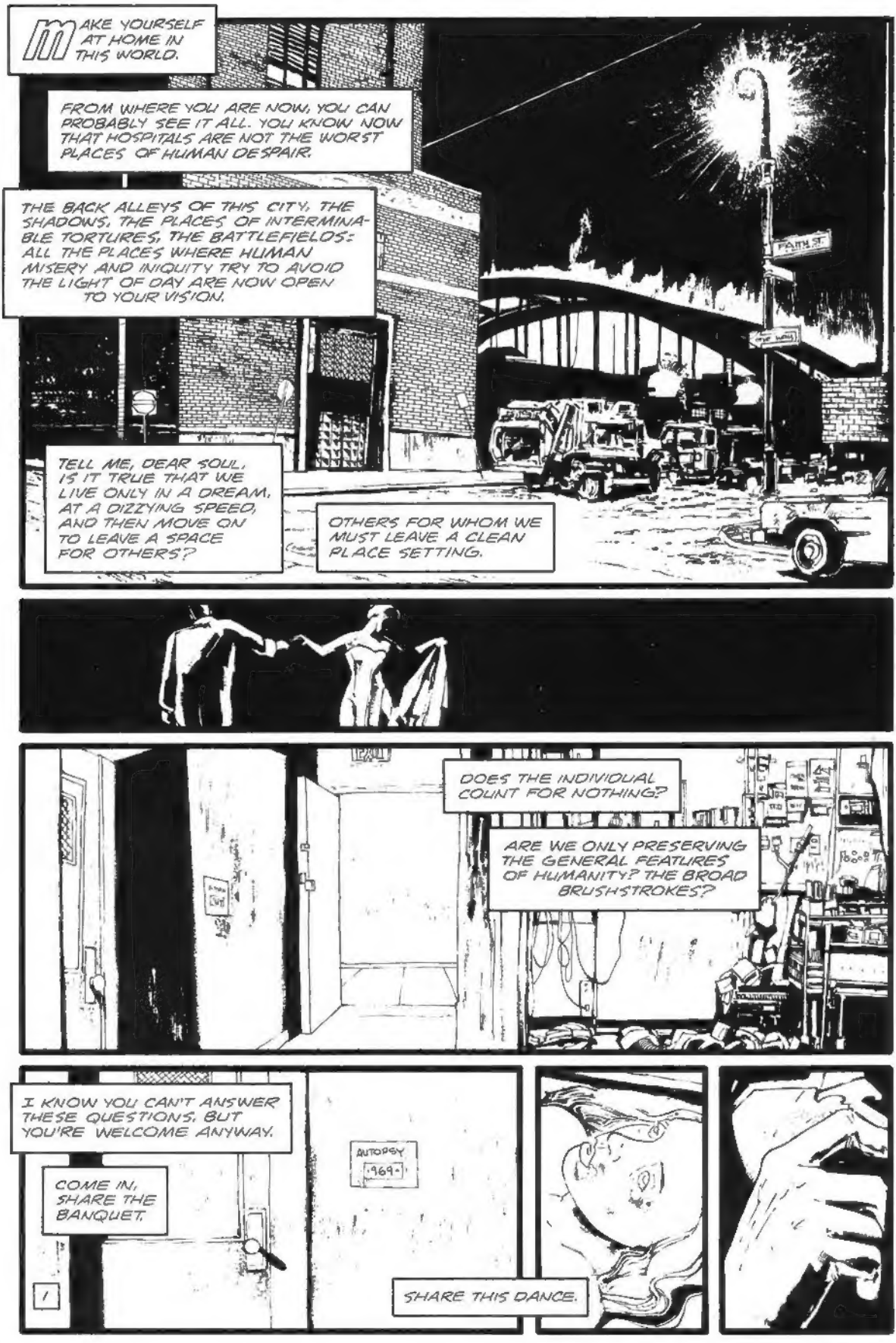
A division of Warner Bros. - A Time Warner Entertainment Company.

Publication design by Eddie Ortiz.
Printed in Canada


MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME IN THIS WORLD.
FROM WHERE YOU ARE NOW, YOU CAN PROBABLY SEE IT ALL. YOU KNOW NOW THAT HOSPITALS ARE NOT THE WORST PLACES OF HUMAN DESPAIR.
THE BACK ALLEYS OF THIS CITY, THE SHADOWS, THE PLACES OF INTERMINABLE TORTURES, THE BATTLEFIELDS: ALL THE PLACES WHERE HUMAN MISERY AND INIQUITY TRY TO AVOID THE LIGHT OF DAY ARE NOW OPEN TO YOUR VISION.
FAITH ST
TELL ME, DEAR SOUL, IS IT TRUE THAT WE LIVE ONLY IN A DREAM, AT A DIZZYING SPEED, AND THEN MOVE ON TO LEAVE A SPACE FOR OTHERS?
OTHERS FOR WHOM WE MUST LEAVE A CLEAN PLACE SETTING.
DOES THE INDIVIDUAL COUNT FOR NOTHING?
ARE WE ONLY PRESERVING THE GENERAL FEATURES OF HUMANITY? THE BROAD BRUSHSTROKES?
I KNOW YOU CAN'T ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS. BUT YOU'RE WELCOME ANYWAY.
COME IN, SHARE THE BANQUET.
AUTOPSY
-969-
SHARE THIS DANCE.

THE DEPTH OF THE MARKS ON YOUR BODY INDICATE A MALE OFFENDER. DID YOU KNOW HIM, OR WAS HE ONE OF THE SHADOWS?
YOU HAD NO IDENTIFICATION. YOUR CLOTHING WAS TORN. NO RAPE OCCURRED. WHAT DID YOU HAVE THAT HAD TO BE PAID FOR WITH YOUR LIFE?
SPARE CHANGE? JEWELRY? IN OTHER WORDS, NOTHING.
TYPICAL.
TIME TO BEGIN.
IMMEDIATELY, I NOTICED THE BRUISED AND FRACTURED CARPUS.
THE MARKS ON HER PALE BODY LOOK LIKE ROAD-MAP MARKINGS.
THEY MAKE HER LOOK FRAGILE.
2

THE BROKEN CARPUS COULD'VE COME FROM A BLOW BY A BLUNT OBJECT. A PIPE. A STICK.
THE BASTARD.
DISLOCATED CLAVICLE. PROBABLY FROM HITTING THE GROUND.
BRUISED PLATYSMA. THE SPACES INDICATE SHE WAS EITHER BEING STRANGLED ...OR AN UNINTENTIONAL LEVERAGE POINT.
STRUGGLED FOR AIR.
FOR LIFE.
I NOTICE SHE HAS SUDDENLY BEGUN TO SMILE. FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, I THINK SHE'S TRYING TO EASE MY PAIN, MY REMORSE, FOR SEEING HER LIKE THIS.
3

BUT THEN I REMEMBER IT'S SIMPLY RIGOR MORTIS SETTING IN.
DRIED BLOOD IS CAKED IN HER MOUTH. SHE KNEW SHE WAS DYING.
SCRAPES AND DEEP CUTS ON HER ARMS AND ELBOWS SHOW HER STRUGGLE TO STAY UP.
I'D LIKE TO THINK SHE CRACKED HIM GOOD IN THE MOUTH.
THE LACERATIONS ON HER KNUCKLES INDICATE THE POSSIBILITY.
THAT'S MY GIRL.
4

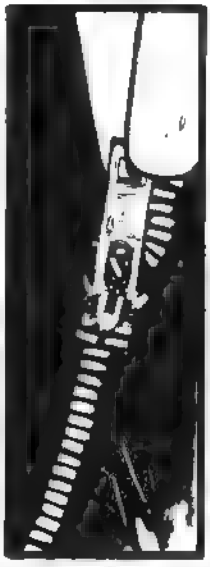
WAIT. A CLOSER LOOK.
WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED.
A PIECE OF THE BASTARD'S TOOTH. A ONA BUSINESS CARD WITH A NAME AND ADDRESS.
SHE GOT YOU.
SHE GOT YOU, YOU BASTARD.
5

THERE'S STILL ONE MORE THING LEFT FOR YOU TO DO.
YOU'VE ALLOWED ME TO STEP INSIDE YOUR CIRCLE, ALLOWED ME TO SEARCH YOUR BODY FOR ANSWERS. NOW LET ME REACH INTO YOUR SOUL.
I NEED YOUR NAME.
OPEN 24hrs
6

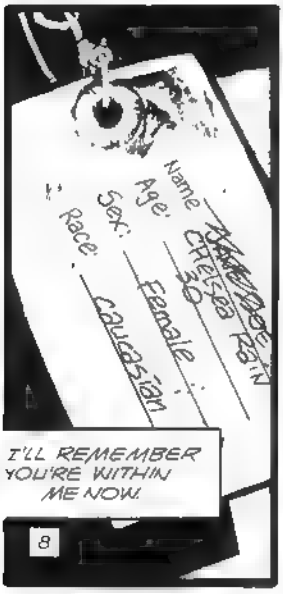
PLEASE WAITRESS WILL SEAT YOU
PEOPLE THINK I'M A KNIGHT. A SAVIOR. BUT, IN TRUTH, I'M ONLY A VESSEL TO HOLD THE MEMORIES OF THOSE WHO'VE PASSED ON. THOSE WHO'VE NO SHELL LEFT TO STORE THEM.
THEY MUST THINK I REVEL IN MY VICTORIES; IT MUST SEEM LIKE I NEVER LOSE A FIGHT.
I LOSE PLENTY.
THE ONES I COULDN'T GET TO. THE ONES I COULDN'T SAVE IN TIME
THOSE ARE THE ONES I CARRY AROUND INSIDE OF ME.
THOSE ARE THE ONES I'LL MOURN FOREVER.
EXCUSE ME. DO ANY OF YOU KNOW THIS WOMAN?
7

THAT'S CHELSEA. SHE COMES IN HERE ALL THE TIME. SITS IN THE SAME BOOTH, THE SAME TIME, READS THE SAME BOOK .UM, WHAT WAS THE TTLE ?
SHE. UH, LEFT HERE ONLY A COUPLE OF... WHY DO YOU OH, GOD.
NO.
DEAR GIRL.

LUCKILY, YOU HADN'T DIGESTED YOUR LAST MEAL, CHELSEA. THERE'RE ONLY A FEW PLACES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE YOU WERE FOUND THAT SERVE BLUE-BERRY PIE AT THIS HOUR OF THE MORNING.



YOU ONLY HAVE YOUR THOUGHTS AND DREAMS AHEAD OF YOU.
YOU'RE SOME-ONE. YOU MEAN SOMETHING.


Name: Chelsea Rain
Age: 30
Sex: Female
Race: Caucasian
I'LL REMEMBER YOU'RE WITHIN ME NOW.
8

FOREVER

E N D

"PERPETUAL MOURNING"

TED McKEEVER

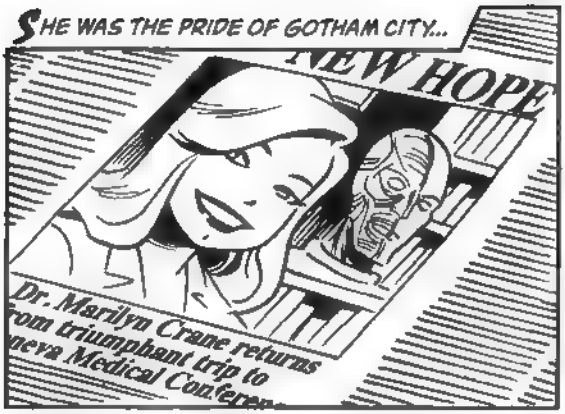
TED McKEEVER'S SURREAL VISION OF HUMANITY'S INNER TURMOIL HAS LED TO MULTIPLE NOMINATIONS FOR HARVEY AWARDS.

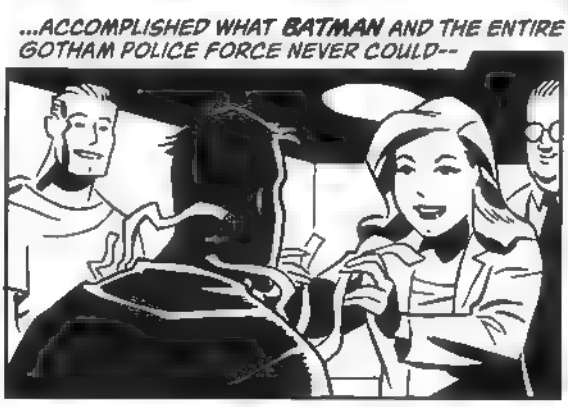
HIS [illegible] AS A [illegible] AND [illegible] HAVE [illegible] GENRE CLICHÉS. TED'S [illegible] [illegible] AND [illegible] HIS BIZARRE [illegible] CREATIONS TO DEFY BEING CATEGORIZED.

McKEEVER'S WORK ON SUCH CREATOR-OWNED PROJECTS AS "EDDY CURRENT," "PLASTIC FUNKS" AND "METROPOL" IS AS ADVENTUROUS AS IT IS REMARKABLE.

"TWO OF A KIND"

BRUCE TIMM





TWO OF A KIND

STORY/ART - BRUCE TIMM
LETTERS - Todd Klein

THE TABLOIDS HAD A FIELD DAY WITH IT, OF COURSE. ON THE DAY OF MY RELEASE FROM ARKHAM...

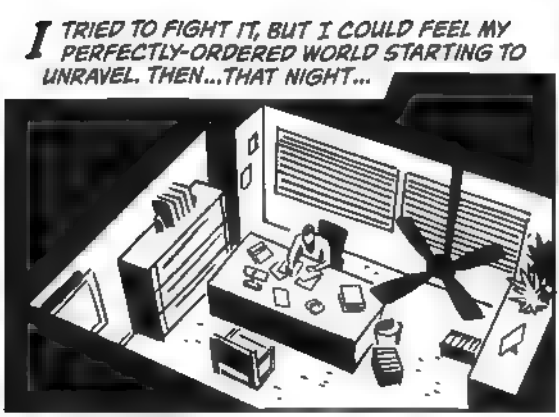
...A WELL-CONNECTED **FRIEND** OF MINE ARRANGED TO HAVE ME SMUGGLED OUT THE REAR ENTRANCE, TO AVOID THE MEDIA CIRCUS OUTSIDE...

NOT SURPRISINGLY, THE D.A.'S OFFICE DIDN'T WANT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO **DO** WITH ME, BUT I MANAGED TO LAND A POSITION WITH ONE OF THE SMALLER LAW FIRMS...

IT WAS HARDER THAN HELL, ADJUSTING TO "NORMAL" LIFE. I NEVER WOULD HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT MARILYN...

GOD...SHE WAS SO **RADIANT** THAT DAY, WHEN WE WENT SHOPPING FOR WEDDING RINGS...

MADELINE--!
HARVEY--THIS IS MY... MY SISTER...I...
WE HAVE TO GO--!
OF COURSE YOU DO, DARLING!
'BYE, HARVEY!
SEE YOU SOON...
I WANTED TO TELL YOU .I SWEAR I DID ..
..THE PSYCHOLOGISTS WERE AFRAID THAT IF YOU KNEW I HAD A TWIN SISTER, IT WOULD IGNITE TWO-FACE'S OBSESSION WITH DUALITY...
...ESPECIALLY SINCE MADELINE... SHE...SHE'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF INSTITUTIONS HER WHOLE LIFE...
SHE ALWAYS HATED ME. ON OUR ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY SHE BROKE A POCKET MIRROR INTO LITTLE PIECES AND SLIPPED THEM INTO MY MILK. I ALMOST DIED...
GOD, HARVEY, I'M SO SORRY... PLEASE... TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO BE OKAY...
I LIED..TOLD HER I'D BE FINE. WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?


I TRIED TO FIGHT IT, BUT I COULD FEEL MY PERFECTLY-ORDERED WORLD STARTING TO UNRAVEL. THEN...THAT NIGHT...

KNOCK, KNOCK!
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO TREAT YOUR FIANCÉE TO A LATE SUPPER...?

LOVE TO, HONEY, BUT I HAVE TO FINISH THIS BRIEF BEFORE TO-MORROW'S SESS...

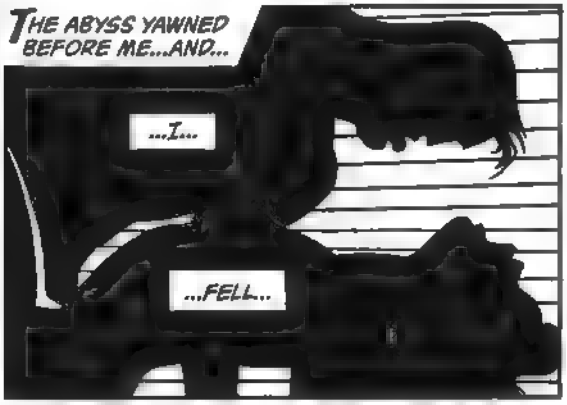
MARILYN--!?
C'MON, LOVER...

GIVE US A KISS...!

VERY FUNNY, MADELINE.
GO PLAY YOUR SICK GAMES SOMEWHERE ELSE.

I'LL BET LITTLE MISS GOODY-TWO-SHOES DOESN'T KISS YOU LIKE THAT...

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, YOU LITTLE TRAMP--!



POOR MARILYN NEVER SUSPECTED...WHILE SHE HAPPILY PRATTLED ON AND ON ABOUT OUR WEDDING ARRANGEMENTS...

...I COULDN'T HELP THINKING HOW WONDERFUL HER SISTER WOULD BE IN BED LATER THAT NIGHT. I REALIZED THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...

I WENT BACK TO MY PLACE AND TRIED TO PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND CRAZY BROAD! STILL...SOMETHING ABOUT HER TONE WAS GIVING ME THE WILLIES...

I GOT NOTHING BUT BUSY SIGNALS WHEN I TRIED TO CALL MARILYN.

I TRIED TO RELAX, TO CONVINCE MYSELF I WAS JUST BEING PARANOID..BUT TWO HOURS LATER, I WAS STILL GETTING BUSY SIGNALS FROM HER GODDAMNED PHONE...

MY HEART WAS POUNDING TO BEAT THE BAND AS I RACED TO HER APARTMENT...

I TOOK THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME, BUT ALREADY I KNEW THAT I WOULD BE...

...TOO LATE.

I STAGGERED ABOUT THE APARTMENT, MY MIND WHIRLING...EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING CRIED OUT FOR VENGEANCE...FOR BLOOD...
BUT...I WAS CURED. THAT'S RIGHT. THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID. CURED. SANE. HARVEY DENT WAS NO KILLER...
FORTUNATELY...
...I KNEW SOMEONE WHO WAS...
AAAAARRRR

WELL, THEN THIS MUST BE YOUR LUCKY DAY.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, MADELINE? STILL WANT ME?
YES... I DO.
DON'T YOU SEE, HARVEY--! WE'RE TWO OF A KIND. WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
WHAT WAS I THINKING? HOW COULD I DESTROY THIS LOVELY CREATURE WHOSE SAVAGE HEART WAS AS BLACK AND HATEFUL AS MY OWN--?
LOOK AT THAT FACE...THOSE EYES...THAT PERFECT MOUTH...SO MUCH...LIKE...
...MARILYN...
BLAM
THEN I JUST WAITED FOR YOU TO SHOW UP --AS YOU ALWAYS DO-- TO TAKE ME BACK WHERE I BELONG...
WITH THE REST OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE.
END

As the grey fingers of dusk scratch day into darkness, cavern walls stir... come alive!
Still clinging to slick, wet walls, they spread their translucent wings in preparation for flight..
Joe Kubert '94
...driven to hunt... as day is driven by night.
It is the time for small hungry creatures to awaken from their sleep... to slake their hunger ...to hunt...

ONLY THE SOFT FLUTTERING OF WINGS ANNOUNCES THEIR ENTRANCE INTO THE NIGHT...
SWIFTLY, INSECTS ARE PLUCKED IN FLIGHT... CAUGHT IN RAZOR-SHARP TEETH...
UNFELT AND UNNOTICED, THE SKIN OF THE SLEEPING BUFFALO IS CUT AND BLED.
SOME APPETITES ARE SATISFIED WITH THE TASTE OF SWEET, ALMOST ROTTED FRUIT...
...WHILE ANOTHER SEEKS THE PREY OF A MORE DANGEROUS KIND OF ANIMAL.
2

SILENTLY, THE HOODED FIGURE ALIGHTS ON A WINDOW HIGH ABOVE THE CITY STREETS...
...AND BECOMES AN AUDIENCE OF ONE TO THE FRIGHTENING SCENE INSIDE.
DIS AIN'T GETTIN' US NOWHERES, BLONDIE. THEY AIN'T TALKIN'...
LET'S SPLIT! WE GOT ENOUGH-
NO RUSH, MY MAN... NO RUSH.
WE HAVEN'T GOT THE BLACK PEARL OF CALCUTTA! THE CASH IS PEANUTS!
WE DON'T LEAVE WITH-OUT THE PEARL!
THE TV NEWSIE SAID THE PEARL WAS HERE! NOW, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS CONVINCE OUR HOST AND HOSTESS TO TELL US WHERE IT IS!
3

P-PLEASE...LEAVE HIM ALONE. HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH-
SHUT UP!
C'MON, HON... BE GOOD. YOU'RE GOING TO TELL US SOONER OR LATER...SO... WHY GO THROUGH MORE PAIN?
DON'T TRY TO BE A HERO, HON. SO TELL US... WHERE IS THE PEARL?
I'LL DO NICE THINGS FOR YOU... IF YOU TELL.
YOUR WIFE WON'T MIND. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
WE CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME, HON. DON'T BE STUBBORN.
THERE'S NOBODY HERE TO HELP YOU. GIVE IT UP...
4

W-WE DON'T HAVE... IT'S...NOT HERE. I—
HERE'S A SAMPLE OF WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU... IF YOU COOPERATE.
MMMM..
SSSNiKKTT
HERE'S A SAMPLE OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU... IF YOU DON'T!
KRAASHH
5

KRUMP

WH-WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? HOW DID—

IT DON'T MATTER! CUT HIM DOWN!
BLAMBLAM
BLAM

6

OMIGOD.
HE'S STILL STANDIN'! HE-HE'S NOT EVEN... BLEEDIN'!
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! IT'LL TAKE ALL NIGHT TO PATCH THESE HOLES. BUT, FIRST...
YOU WILL PAY EQUALLY FOR YOUR INDISCRETIONS.
...LET ME SHOW YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS.
LET ME GO!
Y-YOU CAN'T DO THIS! I'M A WOMAN-
I SHOW NO PARTIALITY IN TERMS OF SEXUAL BIAS.
WRONG IS WRONG!
I AM AN EQUAL RIGHTS JUSTICE DISPENSER!
7

CRASH
THUMP
THUD
TH-THANK YOU. THEY WERE GOING TO-
NO PROBLEM. I'LL JUST TAKE THESE PIECES OF GARBAGE WITH ME.
THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO CONTEMPLATE THEIR FATES...
IN A CELL!
BRUCE WAYNE AWAKENS IN HIS MANSION... AS FLITTING SHAPES SKITTER ACROSS THE MOON, ONLY A DREAM... BUT...WAS IT A DREAM?
HE IS THE BATMAN... DRIVEN INCESSANTLY TO HUNT FOR EVIL... AS HIS NAMESAKES HUNT IN ORDER TO EXIST. IT IS NIGHT ONCE MORE... TIME TO HUNT AGAIN.
THE END

"THE HUNT"

JOE KUBERT

Not content with simply being one of the greatest draftsmen in comics history, Joe Kubert has also proven himself to be a masterful storyteller and writer. Over the past 70 years he has created an unforgettable gallery of [illegible] characters, including Tarzan, Hawkman, Sgt. Rock, and Abraham Stone. In 1988 Kubert founded the Joe Kubert School of Cartoon and Graphic Art in Dover, New Jersey, where he continues to teach the next generation of comics artists.

"The Hunt" originally appeared in Joe Kubert Presents #1 (1992). Kubert's Joe Kubert Presents was a short-lived anthology series that featured new stories by Kubert and his students. The first issue also included a reprint of Kubert's classic World War II story, "Enemy Ace," and a new Sgt. Rock story.

"PETTY CRIMES"

HOWARD CHAYKIN

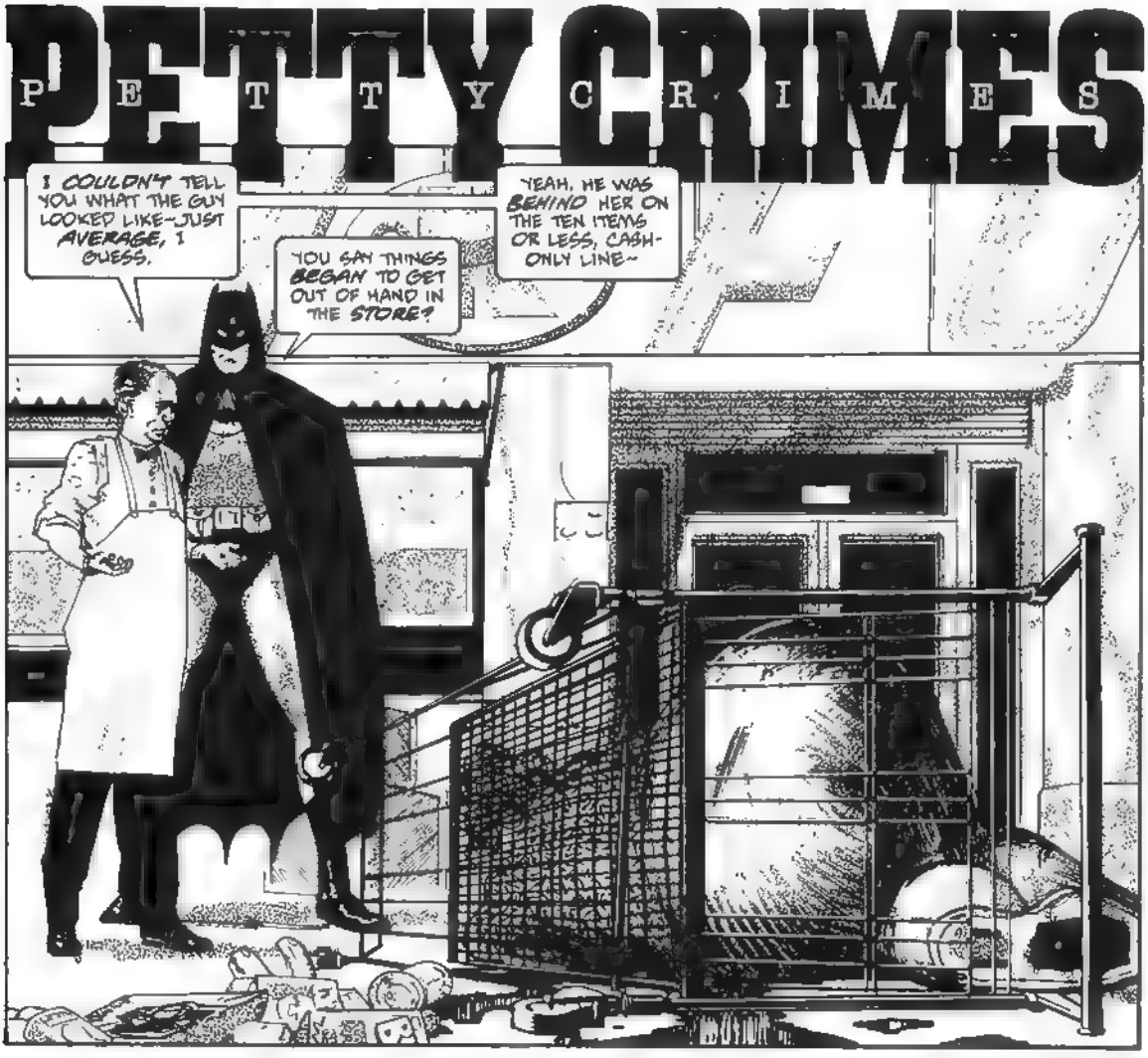
[illegible]

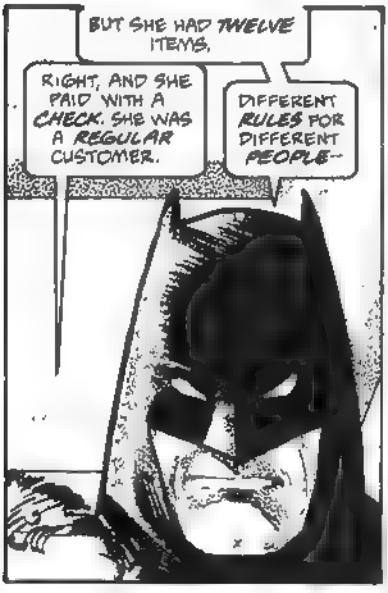
[illegible]

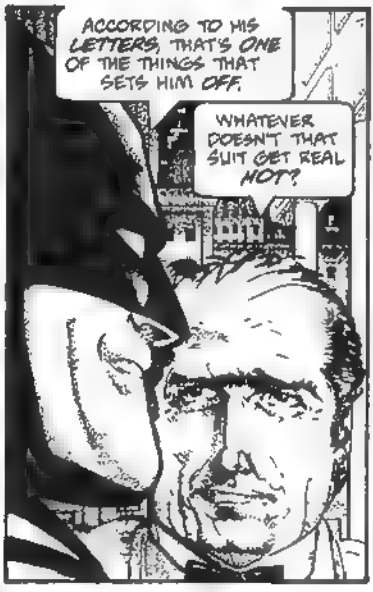
[illegible]

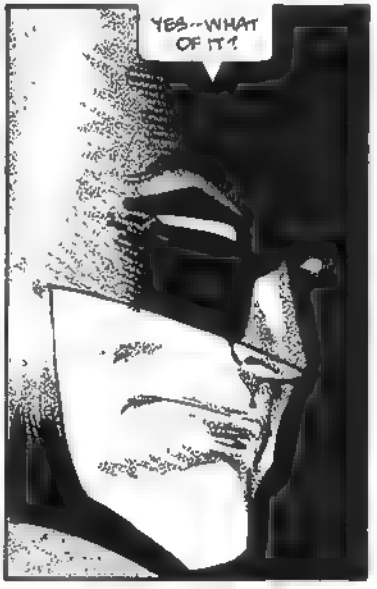
It has been a long, viciously hot *summer*—and an equally cruel *autumn*. Steam rose from Gotham's sidewalks like waves of *frustration*. The dank humidity and the blinding sunshine seemed to fray *everyone's* nerves—but no one more than *CIVIC VIRTUE*—a serial *killer* out to put an end to—

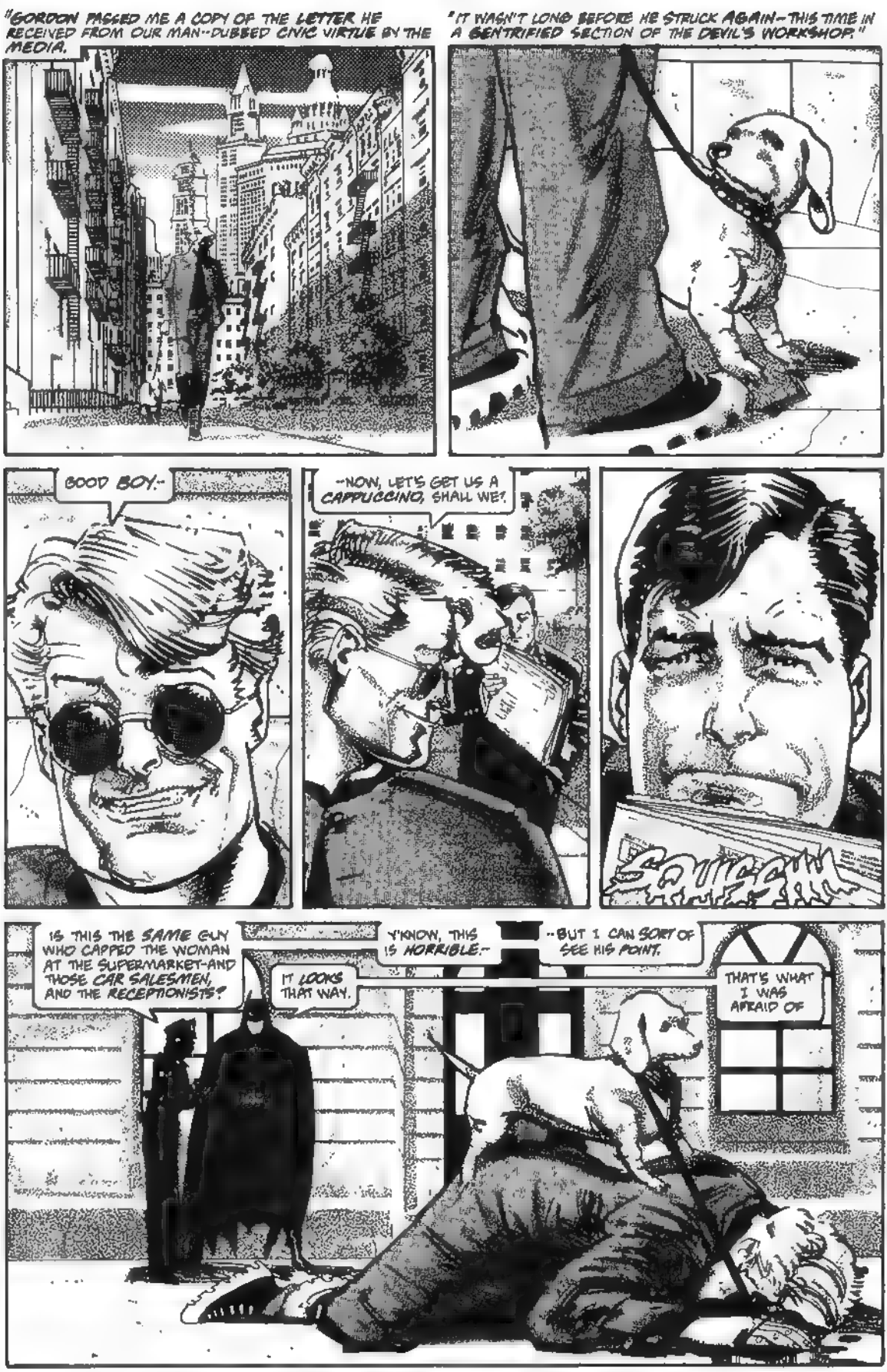
PETTY CRIMES


I COULDN'T TELL YOU WHAT THE GUY LOOKED LIKE—JUST AVERAGE, I GUESS.
YOU SAY THINGS BEGAN TO GET OUT OF HAND IN THE STORE?
YEAH, HE WAS BEHIND HER ON THE TEN ITEMS OR LESS, CASH-ONLY LINE—

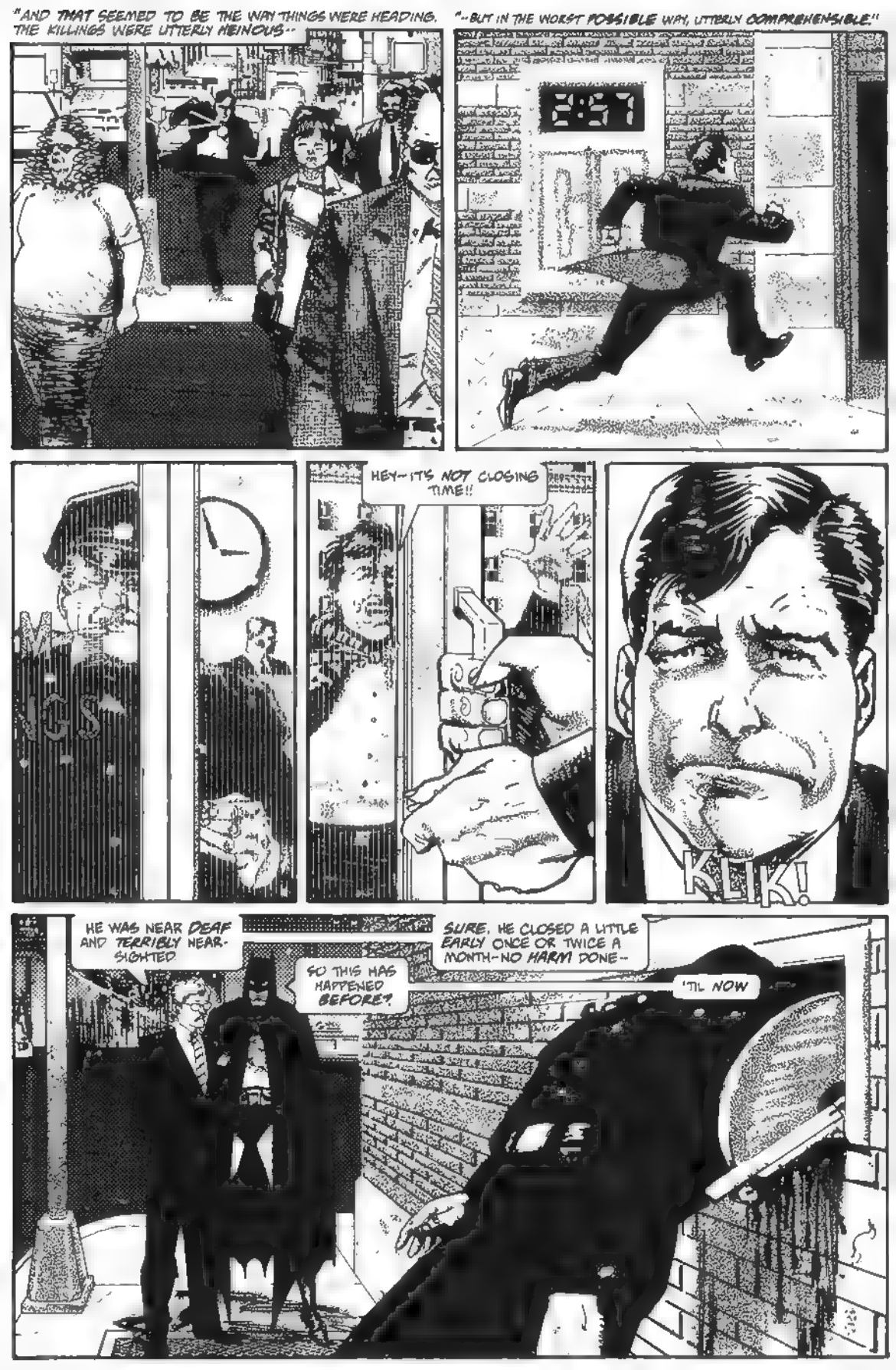







"GORDON PASSED ME A COPY OF THE LETTER HE RECEIVED FROM OUR MAN--DUBBED CIVIC VIRTUE BY THE MEDIA.
"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE STRUCK AGAIN--THIS TIME IN A GENTRIFIED SECTION OF THE DEVIL'S WORKSHOP."
GOOD BOY.-
--NOW, LET'S GET US A CAPPUCCINO, SHALL WE?
SNICK
IS THIS THE SAME GUY WHO CAPPED THE WOMAN AT THE SUPERMARKET-AND THOSE CAR SALESMEN, AND THE RECEPTIONISTS?
IT LOOKS THAT WAY.
Y'KNOW, THIS IS HORRIBLE.-
--BUT I CAN SORT OF SEE HIS POINT.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF

"CIVIC VIRTUE'S LETTERS WERE THOUGHTFUL, REASONABLE, AND LOGICAL--EVEN THOUGH HE CONSISTENTLY USED 'INFER' WHEN HE MEANT 'IMPLY.'"
HEY, LADY-- GET OVER!!
"I'D JUST BEGUN TO PUT TOGETHER A PROFILE OF THE KILLER, WHEN HIS IKE WAS RAISED AGAIN--"
IT SAYS MAXIMUM SPEED--NOT MINIMUM!
"--THIS TIME ON A RUSH-HOUR FREEWAY."
THIS IS THE FAST LANE, LADY--
--AND THIS JERK BEHIND ME IS TAILGATING--
--LADY--YOU'RE GOING TO CAUSE AN--
--ACCIDENT.
KWARRRUNNCH!!
THE MIDDLE OF RUSH HOUR--FOR GOD'S SAKE-- AND THIS BROAD'S DOING FIFTY IN THE LEFT-HAND LANE. YOU ASK ME--
WELL...
SO YOU THINK SHE HAD IT COMING, HUH?


"AND THAT SEEMED TO BE THE WAY THINGS WERE HEADING. THE KILLINGS WERE UTTERLY HEINOUS--
"--BUT IN THE WORST POSSIBLE WAY, UTTERLY COMPREHENSIBLE."
2:57
HEY--IT'S NOT CLOSING TIME!!
KLIK!
HE WAS NEAR DEAF AND TERRIBLY NEAR-SIGHTED
SO THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE?
SURE, HE CLOSED A LITTLE EARLY ONCE OR TWICE A MONTH--NO HARM DONE--
'TIL NOW

"IT WAS STILL BRUTALLY HOT. THE MOVIE THEATERS WERE UNUSUALLY BUSY--"
HEY! TURN ON THE COLORATOR!
"--PACKED WITH PEOPLE TRYING TO AVOID THE HEAT- REGARDLESS OF WHAT WAS ON THE SCREEN."
-IT'S STILL IN BLACK AND WHITE!
IT'S ALWAYS GOING TO BE IN BLACK AND WHITE-
-NOW WHY DON'T YOU TWO SHUT UP AND LET THE REST OF US ENJOY THE MOVIE?
TO HELL WITH YOU, MAN- IT'S A FREE COUNTRY-
AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S FREE-
-POPCORN- ON THE HOUSE.
WE ALL THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE SOUND EFFECTS IN THE MOVIE.
SO NOBODY HEARD A THING.
NOT THE SHOTS-
-BUT I DID HEAR A LOT OF SHUSHING EARLIER.

"THE SUMMER THAT WOULD NEVER END LASTED INTO THE FIRST DAYS OF AUTUMN--AND FINALLY BROKE WITH A COLD WET DOWNPOUR ON HALLOWEEN NIGHT."
HOW ABOUT LETTING US INSIDE? WE'RE FREEZING WET OUT HERE!
KEEP YOUR HALO ON, PAL--ALL IN DUE TIME. WE GOT RULES--
THANKS.
DON'T MENTION IT, MAN OF STEEL.
HOW COME WE HAVE TO WAIT, AND THEY WALTZ RIGHT IN?
IF YOU GOTTA ASK, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.
"I'D FOLLOWED EVERY LEAD--TIED UP EVERY LOOSE END--"

"-AND FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH CIVIC VIRTUE."

ENOUGH!!
HUH?
IT'S OVER.
IT'S FAR FROM OVER, BATMAN- EVERYTHING IS GOING TO HELL.
HEH- IF I'D'VE KNOWN IT MEANT THAT MUCH TO YOU, I'D'VE LET YOU IN-
PLEASE SHUT UP! THE IDEA IS TO BEHAVE WITHOUT BEING REMINDED-
YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, BATMAN?. THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILITY IS THE PREFACE TO THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION-
BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS--
WHAT DO YOU CALL RUNNING AROUND ALL NIGHT IN TIGHTS AND A MASK BEATING THE CRAP OUT OF EVILDOERS?.
I SEE YOUR POINT.
-BUT I'M NOT A KILLER.
A VERY FINE-LINED DISTINCTION.
BUT HAVEN'T YOU EVER WANTED TO SIMPLY ELIMINATE ALL THOSE LOUTS WHO JUMP AHEAD OF YOU IN LINE--WHO PLAY MISERABLE MUSIC AT MEGADECIBELS FROM THEIR CARS-
--WHO THINK THAT "FREE COUNTRY" MEANS IT'S FOR FREE--WHO DEFINE THEIR RIGHTS AS WHAT THEY FEEL LIKE DOING AT THE MO-
THWUNNKKK!
GRRNNGGHHH!

"THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION IS YES, OF COURSE--"
blam blam
"--BUT MY COWL AND CAPE CAN KEEP MORE THAN MY IDENTITY A SECRET."
UNNGHH!
IN ALL YOUR LETTERS TO THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE POLICE, YOUR SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS GOT IN THE WAY OF A SIMPLE FACT OF LIFE-
THE WORLD TURNS, AND LIFE CHANGES. THE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE FANTASIES - JUST SCREENED MEMORIES.
NO! IF I ACCEPT THAT, I HAVE TO TAKE THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION AS A GIVEN.
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. IF THIS GOON IS THE FUTURE, I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP.
I CAN ALWAYS USE A SIDEKICK, BATMAN.
I DON'T THINK SO.
JUST THINK IT OVER
The End

"SOME SAY COLEY TREADWELL WAS THE GREATEST TRUMPET PLAYER EVER LIVED. SOME SAY JAZZ, THE BLUES, COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED WITHOUT HIM.
"OTHERS GOT BETTER KNOWN. NO ONE EVER GOT BETTER.
"LEGEND IS THAT ONE NIGHT AT A VOODOO CEREMONY IN THE BAYOU, SOMEBODY CALLED UP THE DEVIL TO CHALLENGE HIM.
"THEY SAY COLEY TREADWELL OUTPLAYED THE DEVIL AND WON HIS TRUMPET.
"FROM THEN ON, IT WAS THE ONLY INSTRUMENT HE'D PLAY. FROM THEN ON, NOBODY OR NOTHING COULD HIT THE NOTES OR TOUCH THE SOUNDS THAT COLEY COULD.
"ONLY, HE HAD TO BE CAREFUL. IF HE PUSHED TOO HARD, REACHED TOO FAR...

"...MUSIC FROM THAT SATAN HORN COULD CALL A DEMON UP FROM-HELL.
DEVIL'S
WHA-A-
TRUMPET
"AND ONE HOT NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS IN 1921, THEY SAY COLEY TREADWELL DID JUST THAT."
José Muñoz, art-Archie Goodwin, script.
Phil Felix, lettering.

...WHATEVER HAPPENED, NO ONE EVER SAW COLEY TREADWELL AGAIN. SOME SAY THE DEMON FLEW STRAIGHT BACK TO HELL WITH HIM. ONLY...
GOTHAM
RECORDS NEW & USED
ON SALE HERE LATEST HIT! L.E.S. FARRELL JAZZ
po-oh-boy ...hiiiskiiss her...
ONLY THEY LOST THAT TRUMPET ALONG THE WAY.
SO YOU KNOW THE STORY, RIGHT, POPS? HOW SOMEONE ELSE FOUND THE TRUMPET, HOW OVER THE YEARS...
OVER THE YEARS THAT HORN PASSED FROM PLAYER TO PLAYER. AND FOR THEM THAT POSSESSED IT...
"...NOBODY OR NOTHIN' COULD HIT THE NOTES OR TOUCH THE SOUNDS THAT THEY COULD."
OH YEAH, I KNOW THE STORY. AN' I KNOW WHY YOU COME AROUND HERE TELLIN' IT.
TO HEAR ME SAY IT'S SO.
WELL, MANY TIMES I HEARD COLEY PLAY. I KNOW THE SOUND OF HIS HORN BLIND MAN'S EARS DON'T FORGET SOMETHIN' THAT SPECIAL... OR MISTAKE WHEN OTHER MEN PLAY IT LONG AFTER COLEY'S GONE.
NOT THAT SOUND! NOTHIN' LIKE THE SOULLESS CRAP THESE RECORD SHOPS BLARE AT YOU...
ON SALE HERE! LATEST HIT! L.E.S. FARRELL JAZZ FOR YOUNG LOVERS
..GOT A DANGEROUS SOUND! NOT JUST GOOD. DRIVEN! SOUND ONLY A MAN WHO'D RISK CALLIN' DEMONS'D MAKE! NOT MANY MEN LIKE THAT...
BUT OVER THE YEARS.. ONCE IN A WHILE...
NOW? I'VE GOT TO KNOW, POPS.. HAVE YOU HEARD THAT HORN NOW?

CUTTING SHORT THE REHEARSAL...?! LESTER, EXCEPT FOR PERFORMANCES, YOU BARELY TOUCH A TRUMPET ANYMORE!
THIS IS GOTHAM CITY MUSIC HALL! THIS IS MAJOR! BIG THINGS RIDE ON TOMORROW'S OPENING!
THREE NIGHTS ONLY! THE ROMANTIC JAZZ OF LES FARRELL
YOU WANT YOUR OWN RECORD LABEL...?
THERE'S MONEY IN THIS TOWN... SOCIETY GUYS LIKE BRUCE WAYNE WITH A THING FOR JAZZ AND BAZILLIONS TO INVEST!
DON'T SWEAT IT, PHIL. I'M A GENIUS.
READ MY PRESS RELEASES. YOU WRITE 'EM.
IT'S TRUE, LES! TECHNICALLY, YOUR PLAYING IS--
"TECHNICALLY" HAS DRIVEN ME CRAZY ALL MY LIFE, PHIL!
"TECHNICALLY" I'M A MASTER! "TECHNICALLY," THE PUBLIC EATS ME UP! BUT WITH ANYONE WHO COUNTS... MY PLAYING IS SOULLESS CRAP!
I'VE SEARCHED YEARS FOR A WAY TO CHANGE THAT... AND IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TONIGHT!

"MAN, I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
MOON
THIS WEEK
MILO CRANE
"LES FARRELL, COME DOWN TO THIS DIRTY STREET, COME DOWN TO THIS HOLE-IN-THE-WALL EXCUSE FOR A CLUB.
"THE TRUMPET MAN WHO CAN CLIMB OVER BARITONES AND LITTLE GIRL SINGERS TO BE TOP OF THE CHARTS COME DOWN TO HEAR ME...
"...HEAR THE CRANE WHOOPIN' THROUGH HIS FINAL SET. AND IT WAS A FINE SET. I'M ALWAYS REACHIN'... TONIGHT FELT CLOSE. BUT COMPARED TO THIS...
... MAN, I DON'T BELIEVE IT. YOU WANT TO BUY MY HORN?
AND PAY ENOUGH YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK TOILETS LIKE THIS I SATISFY A COLLECTING WHIM; YOUR TALENT EARNS AN EARLY REWARD...
THIS OLD TRUMPET... MY ONLY HORN. GOT IT AT A PAWN SHOP AS A KID, WHO KNOWS HOW MANY HAD IT BEFORE ME? COULD'VE KICKED AROUND SINCE--
COLEY TREADWELL! SOME OLD-TIMER OR DREAMER'S ALWAYS SHININ' ON ABOUT ME PLAYIN' "THE DEVIL'S HORN!" IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT?

MAN'S NOT HAPPY WITH HIS MUSIC, ANOTHER PLAYER'S HORN WON'T CHANGE IT, FARRELL! FORGET HOW GOOD YOU ARE TECHNICALLY AN--
NO ONE LETS ME FORGET! NO ONE!
TRUTH FULL BLUES
HORN.. DOESN'T MAKE ...THE DIFFER-ENCE..?!
WHY WON'T YOU GIVE IT TO ME?!
WHY..? WON'T YOU...?
GIVE...!
IT..!
..ME?

"SOME SAY LES FARRELL WANTED TO BE THE GREATEST TRUMPET PLAYER EVER LIVED. SOME SAY WHEN SKILL AN' TECHNIQUE WOULDN'T DO IT, HE LOOKED FOR SOMETHIN' ELSE... AN' FOUND IT IN THE DEVIL'S TRUMPET.
"BOUGHT IT WITH THE BLOOD OF ANOTHER MAN. HID HIS TRACKS, GOT AWAY CLEAN.
HOT
"EXCEPT THE LEGEND COME BACK TO HAUNT HIM: 'PUSH TOO HARD, REACH TOO FAR... MUSIC FROM THAT SATAN HORN COULD CALL UP A DEMON FROM HELL.'
"HE HAD THE HORN, COULD HE TAKE THE RISK?
"HAVING GONE THE DISTANCE HE HAD, HOW COULD HE NOT GO THE REST OF THE WAY? NOTHIN' HAD STOPPED HIM YET, WHAT COULD STOP HIM NOW?
"SO ONE HOT NIGHT IN GOTHAM CITY, THEY SAY LES FARRELL PLAYED THE DEVIL'S TRUMPET, PUSHIN' HARD, REACHIN' FAR...

"... AN' LEARNED THE LEGEND WAS TRUE."
.. NOW OTHERS SAY IT WASN'T A DEMON. THEY SAY THE BATMAN--LIKE THAT'S A DIFFERENCE--FOLLOWED THE SOUND OF THE HORN, RECOGNIZIN' IT AS MILO CRANE'S. WHATEVER HAPPENED...
...WHEN LES FARRELL WAS CARTED OFF BABBLIN' TO THE ASYLUM, THAT TRUMPET GOT LOST ALONG THE WAY.
Mc FARRA & SONS
OH, YEAH, I KNOW THE STORY. AN' I KNOW WHY YOU COME AROUND HERE TELLIN' IT.
TO HEAR ME SAY IT'S SO.
End.

"THE DEVIL'S TRUMPET"

JOSE MUÑOZ

Born in Argentina in 1942, Jose Muñoz has become one of the world's most respected and admired artists. A true original in his approach to draftsmanship and storytelling, his work on the graphic novels "SINNER" and "JOE'S BAR" are classics of the medium. To say that José's unique, unrestrained drawing style has been influential to many well-known American artists over the years would be an understatement.

His work with longtime collaborator Carlos Sampayo on the 1993 graphic biography "BILLIE HOLIDAY" remains a touchstone for dozens of comics' leading illustrators.

ARCHIE GOODWIN

Often hailed as the most respected writer in the industry, Archie Goodwin is a thirty-year veteran in the comics field. He has written most of the major characters for DC and Marvel, has written syndicated newspaper strips such as Star Wars and Tarzan, and was even Editor-in-Chief at Marvel Comics.

Archie's astounding writing and editing stints on CREEPY, EERIE and BLAZING COMBAT are a creative feat that is still held in awe. He is currently a group editor here at DC.

NEXT ISSUE

STORIES BY

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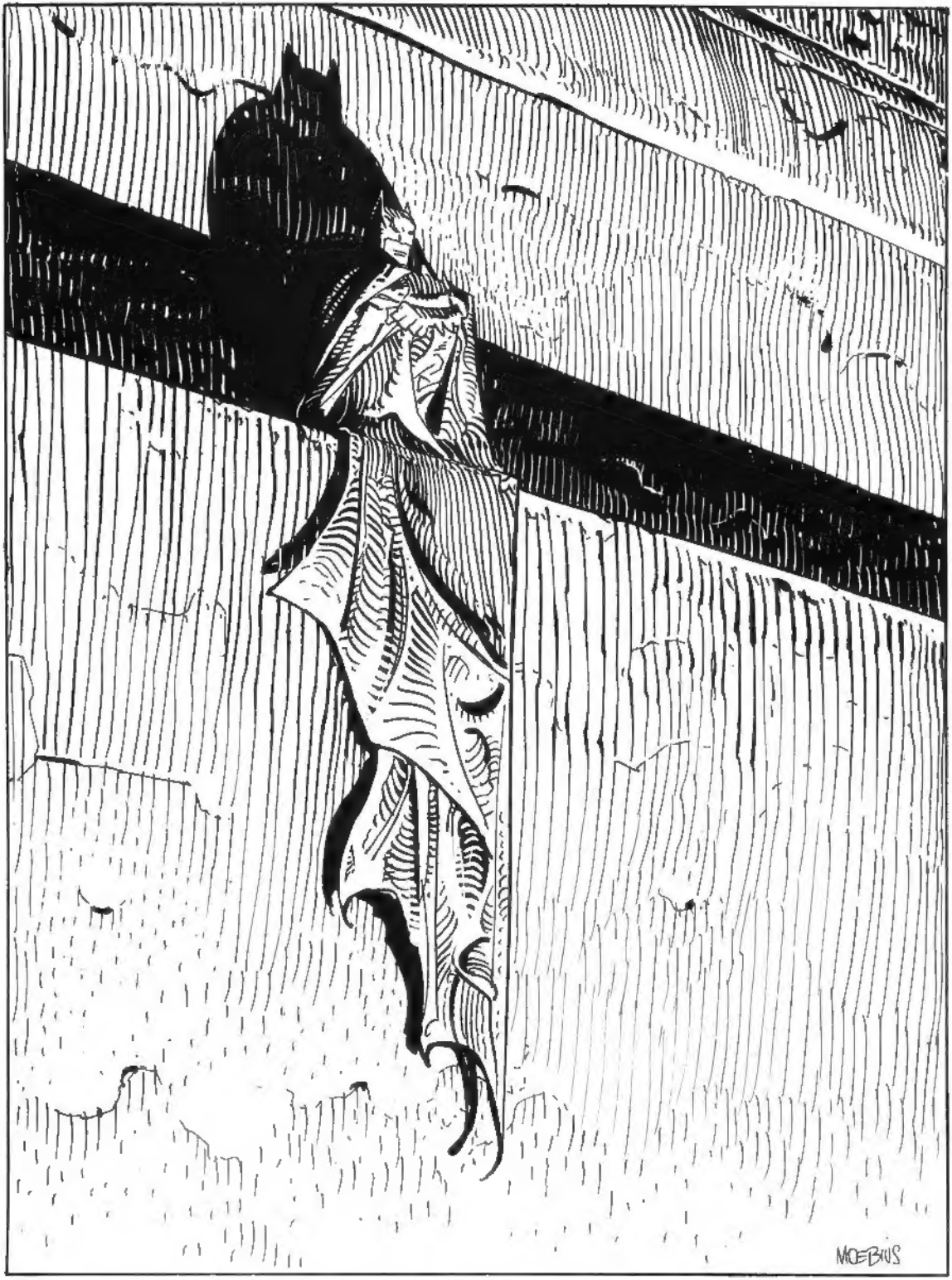
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